

# Shadow Comics

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MONEY'S  
WORTH  
YOU'R 10¢  
FIFTY-TWO  
PAGES



THE SHADOW  
solves the riddle of

*The Black Pagoda*

# Shadow Comics

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# The Shadow SOLVES THE Riddle of THE BLACK PAGODA



BOUND ON HIS FIRST POST-WAR TRIP TO TIBET, WHERE, UNDER THE TUTELAGE OF THE GREAT LAMA, HE LEARNED THE SECRET OF CLOUDING MEN'S MINDS, LAMONT CRANSTON STOPS IN CHUNGKING, CHINA...

THERE, AS THE SHADOW, HE EMBARKS UPON A SEARCH FOR A LURKING MENACE WHICH HE ALONE DETECTS!!! WHO KNOWS WHAT EVIL LURKS IN THE HEARTS OF MEN? THE SHADOW KNOWS!!! AND THIS ADVENTURE PROVES IT!!!!

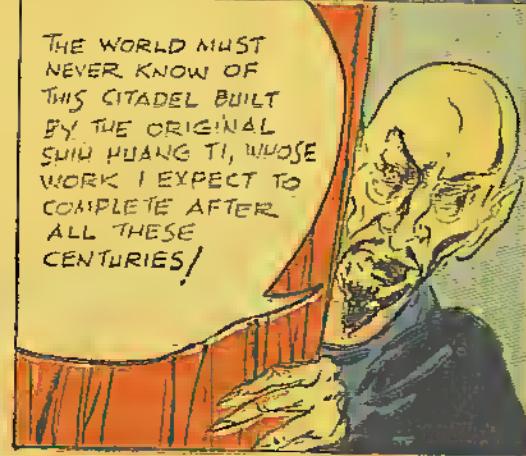
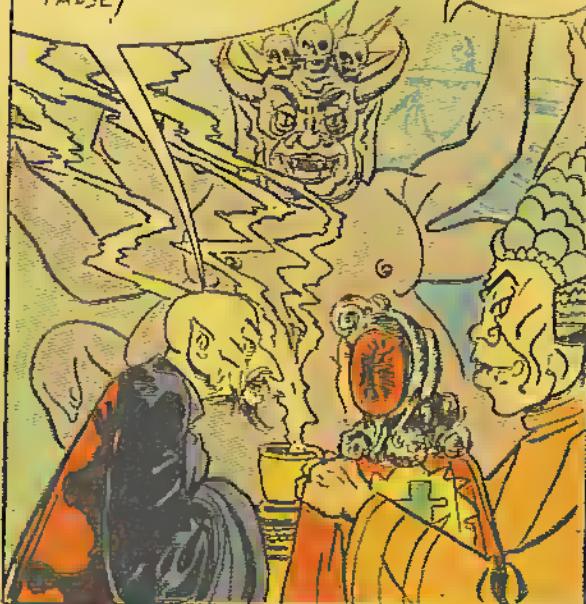
The Comic That Proves.....

# CRIME DOES NOT PAY!!

WHEN CAPTAIN WU WAS FORCED TO LAND IN THIS VALLEY, WE MADE HIM BREATHE THIS INCENSE; THAT IS WHY WE SENT HIM OUT AGAIN, KNOWING HIS REPORTS WOULD BE FALSE!

AT LEAST SHIH HAS NEVER BREATHED HIS OWN INCENSE!

THE WORLD MUST NEVER KNOW OF THIS CITADEL BUILT BY THE ORIGINAL SHIH HUANG TI, WHOSE WORK I EXPECT TO COMPLETE AFTER ALL THESE CENTURIES!



EVEN THE GREAT WALL WAS EXTENDED INTO THIS CLOUD-HIDDEN VALLEY, SO THAT SOME DAY A NEW SHIH HUANG TI COULD ARISE!



REVOLT, STRIFE THROUGHOUT CHINA IS CAUSED BY MY SECRET AGENTS, WHO BUY FOLLOWERS WITH THE GOLD THAT HAS BEEN HOARDED HERE FOR CENTURIES! THESE ARE FACTS THAT NO ONE WILL EVER TELL!

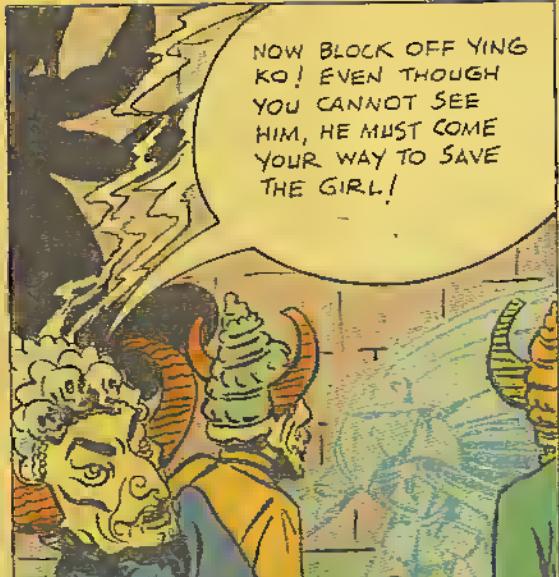
YOU ARE WRONG, SHIH HUANG TI! YOU HAVE JUST TOLD THOSE FACTS AND YING KO HAS HEARD THEM!

YING KO! THE SHADOW!





QUICK, DEMON!  
TURN THE  
GIRL OVER  
TO ME!



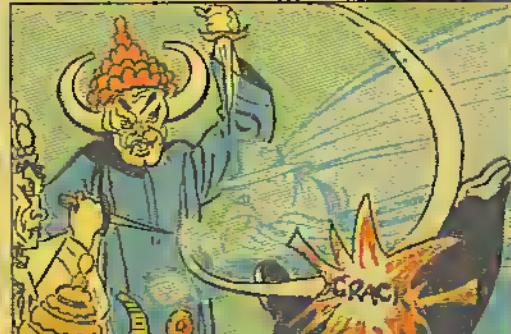
NOW BLOCK OFF YING  
KO! EVEN THOUGH  
YOU CANNOT SEE  
HIM, HE MUST COME  
YOUR WAY TO SAVE  
THE GIRL!



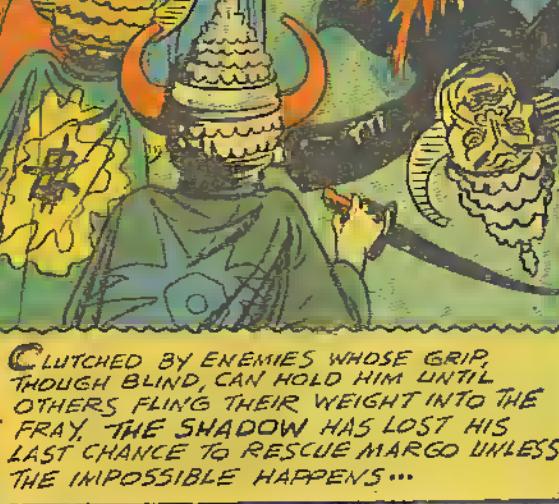
CALLING  
ALL  
DEMONS!!!



SPAT



YOU HAVE NO CHANCE -  
NOW! WHEN THOSE  
EXTRA DEMONS OVERTAKE  
YING KO, HE WILL  
BE OVERPOWERED.  
THEN I SHALL  
STRIKE!



CLUTCHED BY ENEMIES WHOSE GRIP,  
THOUGH BLIND, CAN HOLD HIM UNTIL  
OTHERS FLING THEIR WEIGHT INTO THE  
FRAY, THE SHADOW HAS LOST HIS  
LAST CHANCE TO RESCUE MARGO UNLESS  
THE IMPOSSIBLE HAPPENS...





**A**ND SO PEACE COMES TO THE STRANGE VALLEY TUCKED AMID MOUNTAINS HIGHER THAN THE HIMALAYAS....

**A** PEACE THAT CARRIES ITS PROMISE THROUGHOUT THE WORLD !!!



TIBET FIRST. THEN YOU CAN RETURN TO CHUNGKING TO REPORT

I HOPE THIS COSTUME IS WHAT THEY'RE WEARING IN TIBET !

WHERE NEXT, MR. CRANSTON ?

I HOPE THEY'LL ACCEPT THIS NEW REPORT, MR. CRANSTON !  
THEY WILL, LIEUTENANT YUNG, WHEN YOU TELL THEM THAT SHIH HUANG TI HAS PLENTY OF GOLD BURIED WITH HIM. IT WILL BE WORTH SENDING AN EXPEDITION TO DIG IT UP !

THE WEED OF CRIME BEARS BITTER FRUIT... CRIME DOES NOT PAY !!! SUCH WAS THE RULE PROVEN BY THE SHADOW, WHOSE MIGHT UPROOTED AND DESTROYED THE BLACK PAGODA, LIKE THE WEED OF CRIME IT REPRESENTED WITH ITS EVIL MASTER !!!



"The Most Beautiful, Fascinating, Exciting, COMIC BOOK!"

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**SUPER-MAGICIAN**  
featuring  
**RED DRAGON**  
NOW ON SALE.

# •THE STRANGE CASE OF PROFESSOR GERSTHART.

STORY AND PICTURES  
BY

THORNTON FISHER

ANOTHER EXCITING NEWSPAPER  
ADVENTURE OF THE FAMOUS REPORTER  
**BING DALGREN**  
OF THE TIMES-NEWS



"MISERY" WAS ALSO HIS VALET AND CHAUFFEUR, ACCOMPANYING THE PROFESSOR WHEREVER HE WENT—  
"MISERY" WAS A MITE OF A MAN, ABOUT 5 FEET, 3 INCHES—

PROFESSOR LEON GERSTHART'S LABORATORY IN NEW YORK CITY WAS A MYSTERIOUS PLACE — NO ONE, EXCEPT HIS HANDYMAN, CALLED "MISERY" HAD ACCESS TO IT—  
WHAT THE PROFESSOR DID NOBODY KNEW—  
HE ALWAYS HAD AN AMPLE SUPPLY OF MONEY—



THE PROFESSOR WAS ACCEPTED IN THE CITY'S LEADING SOCIAL CIRCLES—ONE OF HIS HOBBIES WAS FORTUNE TELLING AND HE OFTEN ENTERTAINED HIS HOSTS AND THEIR GUESTS BY READING THEIR CARDS—

YOUR CARDS SAY YOU ARE GOING TO TAKE AN EXTENDED TRIP, AT THE END OF WHICH YOU'LL MEET AN OLD FLAME—DO YOU GET THAT?

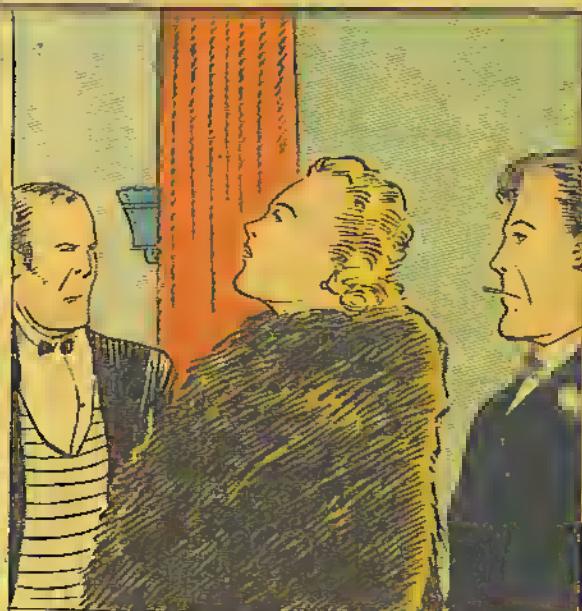


WHY, PROFESSOR,  
THAT'S RIGHT—  
I'M SAILING  
NEXT  
WEEK—

HE HAD BUILT UP A MYTH OF INFALLIBILITY—  
THE WOMEN ESPECIALLY SOUGHT TO HAVE HIM TELL THEIR FORTUNES AND HE GLADLY ACCDED TO THEIR REQUESTS—  
"MISERY" AWAYS "CHAUFFEURED" HIM TO THESE PARTIES, USUALLY BEING INVITED IN TO THE HOUSE WHERE THE SERVANTS WOULD SEE THAT HE JOINED THEM FOR REFRESHMENTS—



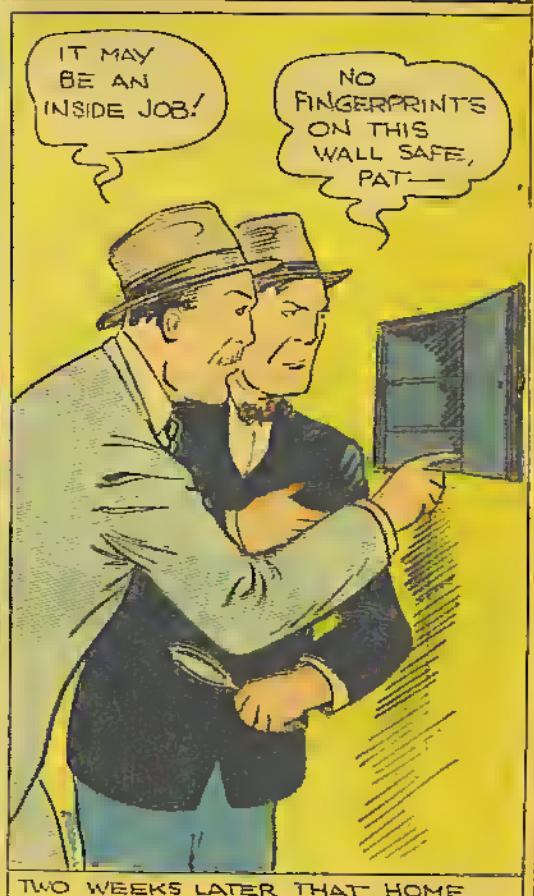
AT THE TIME THIS STORY BEGINS—  
(MARCH 19, 1928) THERE WAS AN  
EPIDEMIC OF JEWEL ROBBERIES—THE  
DETECTIVES WERE BAFFLED—THE GUESTS  
AT THE PARTIES WERE ALWAYS CARE-  
FULLY SELECTED—



BING DALGREN DECIDED TO ATTEND ONE  
OF THESE PARTIES—IT WASN'T DIFFICULT  
BECAUSE THE TIMES-NEWS SOCIETY EDITOR  
COVERED MOST OF THEM—SO HE JOINED HER  
ONE NIGHT ON A TRIP TO LONG ISLAND—



THE PROFESSOR WAS PRESENT—AND HE WAS  
REALLY GOOD THAT NIGHT—HE TOLD A  
LOT OF FORTUNES—



TWO WEEKS LATER THAT HOME  
WAS BURGLARIZED—



DALGREN ATTENDED ANOTHER PARTY AT WHICH THE PROFESSOR WAS PRESENT—A MONTH LATER THAT HOME WAS ROBBED—IN EVERY CASE THE LOOT CONSISTED OF JEWELS AND SILVER PLATE—

OH-OH—THE PROFESSOR'S GOING TO TELL SOME MORE FORTUNES—

PROFESSOR, TELL MY FORTUNE, PRETTY PLEASE—

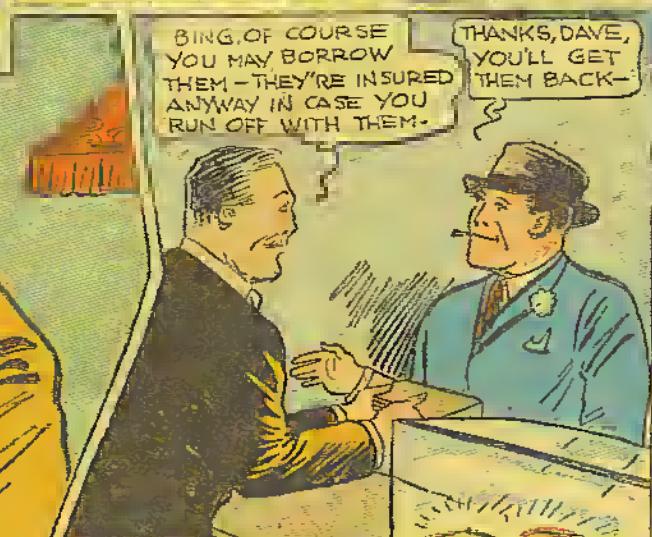
WHY, I'LL BE DELIGHTED, MY DEAR—

TO THE FAMOUS REPORTER THERE WAS A SPECIAL SIGNIFICANCE IN THE FACT THAT ROBBERIES INvariably FOLLOWED THE ATTENDANCE OF PROFESSOR GERSTHART AT THESE FUNCTIONS—BUT THE PROFESSOR WAS A CULTURED GENTLEMAN—



BY NOW DALGREN WAS RECEIVING REGULAR INVITATIONS TO MANY OF THESE SOCIAL EVENTS—HE DECIDED TO TAKE A GIRL FRIEND NEXT TIME—ANOTHER INVITATION CAME ALONG—SO HE COMMUNICATED WITH THE YOUNG LADY—

DOROTHY TAGGART, THE YOUNG WOMAN WAS ASTONISHED WHEN DALGREN INSISTED THAT SHE WEAR THEM AT THE PARTY THAT EVENING—



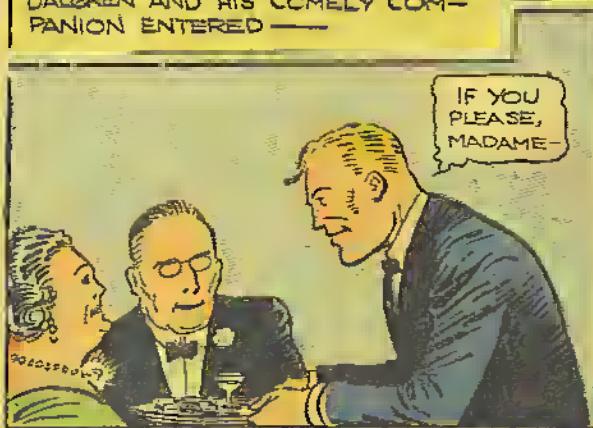
THE DAY BEFORE THE NIGHT OF THE PARTY BING VISITED A FRIEND WHO WAS A JEWELER—THE JEWELER AGREED TO LEND DALGREN SOME GEMS—A NECKLACE OF PEARLS AND SOME DIAMOND RINGS—





THOSE GEMS WERE INDEED REAL—  
CROOKS KNOW PHONIES FROM THE  
GENUINE ARTICLES— THERE WAS  
SUPPRESSED EXCITEMENT WHEN BING  
DALGREN AND HIS COMELY COM-  
PANION ENTERED —

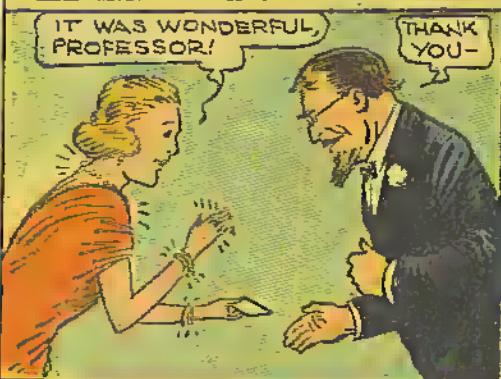
AS BING HAD EXPECTED, PROFESSOR  
GERSTHART WAS PRESENT —



SO FOR THAT MATTER, WAS "MISERY", THE  
PROFESSOR'S CHAUFFEUR AND HANDYMAN,  
ONLY NOW "MISERY" WAS HELPING THE  
SERVANTS SERVE THE GUESTS —



DOROTHY TAGGART BEGGED THE  
PROFESSOR TO TELL HER FORTUNE—  
THE PROFESSOR WAS HAPPY TO DO  
SO—HE GAVE THE USUAL ADVICE—



WHEN HE FINISHED, MISS TAGGART  
GAVE HIM HER CARD BEARING HER  
ADDRESS, WITH AN INVITATION TO  
CALL ON HER SOME TIME —



ON SECOND THOUGHT SHE INFORMED HIM THAT SHE  
WOULD BE OUT OF TOWN FOR THREE OR FOUR  
DAYS—LEAVING TOMORROW—AFTER THAT SHE WOULD  
BE "AT HOME" TO HER FRIENDS —

OH, SHE'S NOT HOME—THANK YOU—THANKS VERY MUCH!

DOROTHY TAGGART LIVED ALONE IN A SUMPTUOUS APARTMENT— SHE HAD TOLD THE PROFESSOR SHE WAS LEAVING "TOMORROW"— HOWEVER, THE PROFESSOR PHONED HER NEXT DAY AND WAS TOLD BY THE OPERATOR THAT MISS TAGGART WAS OUT OF TOWN—

WELL, WELL, THIS LOOKS LIKE TOTSIE— WOOTSIE IN PERSON—

CHIEF, I'M GOING TO BREAK THIS EPIDEMIC OF JEWEL ROBBERIES THIS WEEK—

WELL, THE POLICE AND PRIVATE DETECTIVES ARE CERTAINLY FUMBLING THE BALL, BING



BING WENT INTO CONFERENCE WITH HIS MANAGING EDITOR, JOHN FEELEY—

NOW IF ANY STRANGER SAUNTERS IN, SLIM, WITHOUT BEING SEEN CAN CHECK WHERE HE GOES—



AT 12 O'CLOCK THAT NIGHT DALGREEN POSTED HIMSELF IN DISGUISE ABOUT 200 FEET FROM THE ENTRANCE TO MISS TAGGART'S APARTMENT BUILDING— NO ONE COULD LEAVE OR ENTER, WITHOUT BEING OBSERVED BY HIM—

IN THE MEANTIME THE FAMOUS REPORTER WAS VISITING THE POLICE ROGUES' GALLERY— WHAT HE FOUND THERE GALVANIZED HIM INTO ACTION—

SLIM, I WANT YOU TO BE INVISIBLE TONIGHT— DON'T SEE ANYONE WHO MAY COME IN— OR DON'T LET THEM THINK YOU DO— BUT WATCH THEM CAREFULLY— I'LL EXPLAIN—

YES, MR. DALGREEN.



THE FIRST NIGHT OF MISS TAGGART'S ABSENCE DALGREEN ARRANGED WITH THE NIGHT ELEVATOR MAN AT HER APARTMENT BUILDING TO MAKE HIMSELF FREQUENTLY "UNSEEN"— BEING ACQUAINTED WITH THE NOTED NEWSMAN THE ELEVATOR OPERATOR CO-OPERATED —

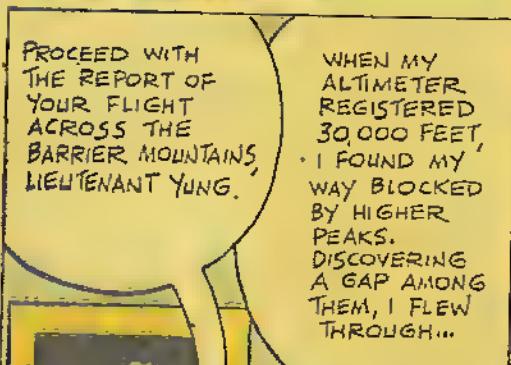


AT 3 A.M. "MISERY", THE PROFESSOR'S HANDYMAN, DRESSED IN EVENING CLOTHES, AMBLED CASUALLY INTO THE BUILDING, CROSSED THE FOYER AND WALKED UP TO THE 4TH FLOOR—

SO THIS IS CHUNGKING! WHAT A MODERN CITY IT IS!

IT REPRESENTS THE NEW CHINA, MARGO. SO LOOK AROUND THE CITY AND I'LL MEET YOU LATER...

... AFTER I VISIT THE AVIATION BUILDING AND OBTAIN INFORMATION REGARDING A DIRECT AIR-ROUTE TO TIBET!



WHEN MY ALTIMETER REGISTERED 30,000 FEET, I FOUND MY WAY BLOCKED BY HIGHER PEAKS. DISCOVERING A GAP AMONG THEM, I FLEW THROUGH...





IN LESS THAN HALF AN HOUR, "MISERY" EMERGED FROM THE APARTMENT BUILDING — DALGREN "TAILED" HIM — AND THAT TRAIL LED STRAIGHT TO THE LABORATORY OF PROFESSOR LEON GERSTHART —

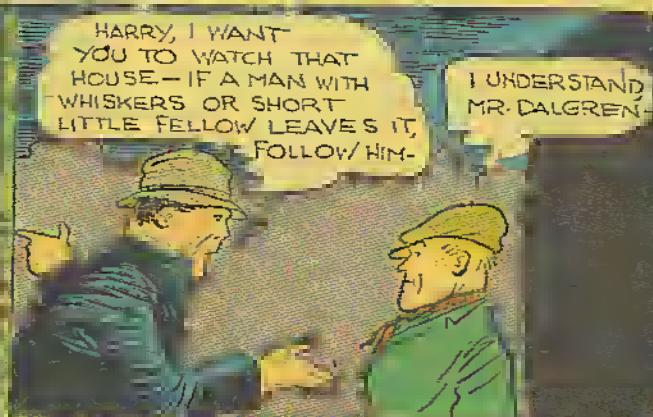
"AS THIS STORY IS BEING WRITTEN TWO OF THE SLICKEST JEWEL ROBBERS IN THE COUNTRY ARE ABOUT TO FALL INTO THE HANDS OF THE POLICE..."



DASHING BACK TO THE OFFICE THE FAMOUS REPORTER FURIOUSLY POUNDED OUT HIS SENSATIONAL STORY, TIMING ITS RELEASE WITH THE ARREST OF THE MEN —

IT WAS A TERRIFIC SCOOP FOR DALGREN — SHORTLY AFTER THE CONVICTION OF THE THIEVES, BING MODESTLY TOLD US A FEW UNWRITTEN DETAILS OF HIS UNUSUAL ADVENTURE

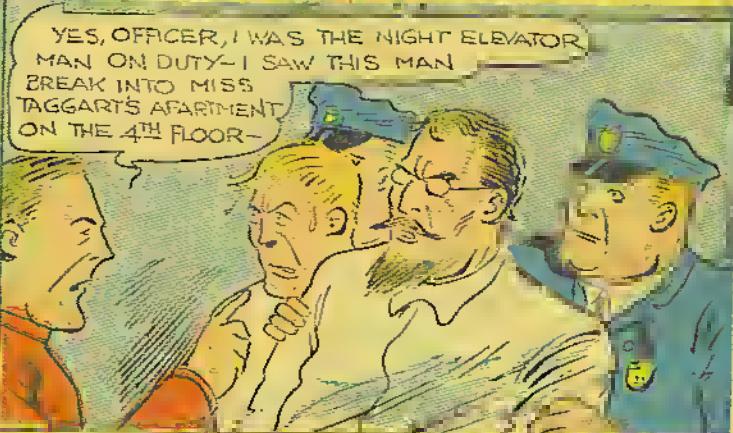
ALL NAMES AND CHARACTERS APPEARING IN THIS STORY ARE FICTITIOUS. ANY SIMILARITY TO ACTUAL PERSONS LIVING OR DEAD IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL



HARRY, I WANT YOU TO WATCH THAT HOUSE — IF A MAN WITH WHISKERS OR SHORT LITTLE FELLOW LEAVES IT, FOLLOW HIM —

I UNDERSTAND MR. DALGREN —

DALGREN DID NOT INTEND TO NOTIFY THE POLICE UNTIL HE WROTE HIS STORY — THEN THE POLICE COULD TRAP THE TWO CRIMINALS, GERSTHART AND "MISERY" — HE PHONED THE NIGHT COPY BOY AT THE TIMES-NEWS OFFICE TO MEET HIM AT THE SPOT AND KEEP CONSTANT VIGIL ON THE HOUSE WHERE THE PROFESSOR'S "LABORATORY" WAS LOCATED — IF EITHER MAN LEFT, THE BOY WAS TO FOLLOW HIM —



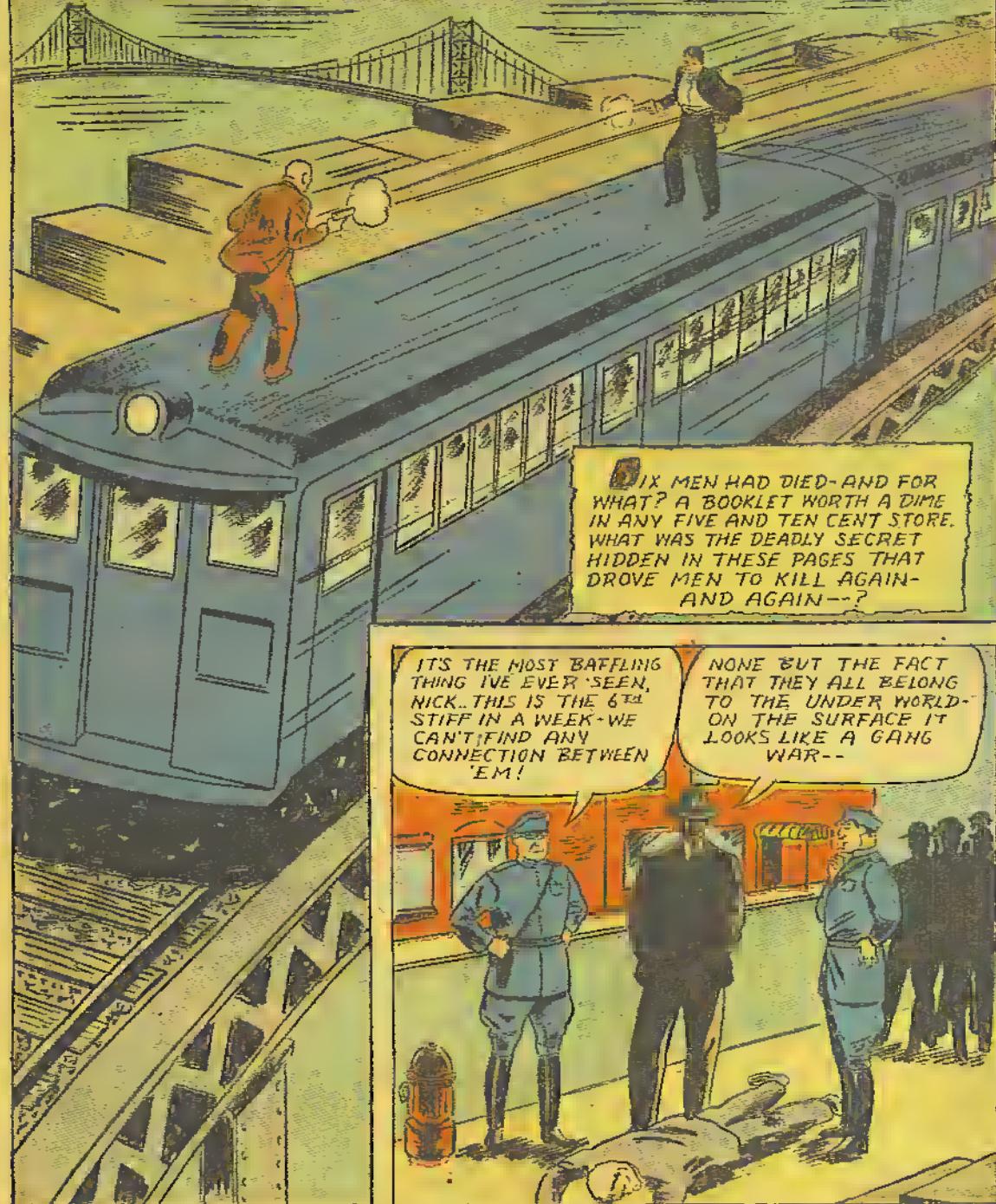
YES, OFFICER, I WAS THE NIGHT ELEVATOR MAN ON DUTY — I SAW THIS MAN BREAK INTO MISS TAGGART'S APARTMENT ON THE 4TH FLOOR —

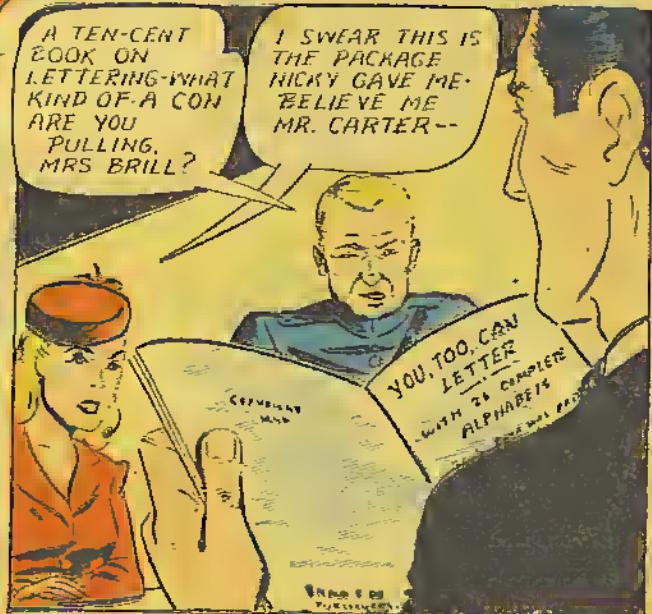
WHEN HE FINISHED HE NOTIFIED POLICE HEADQUARTERS — IN FIFTEEN MINUTES THE OFFICER'S DESCENDED ON THE THIEVES — THE "LABORATORY" WAS A PHONY, USED ONLY AS A "BLIND"; A PLACE TO HIDE THE LOOT — BOTH MEN WERE CONVICTED AND WENT TO PRISON —

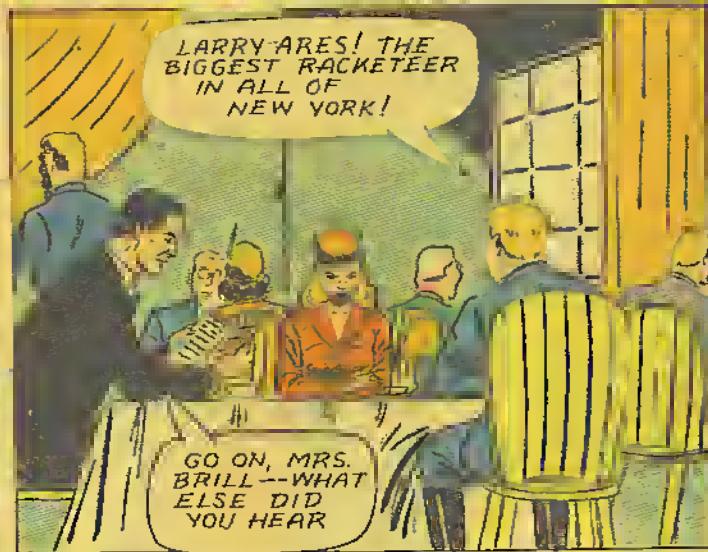
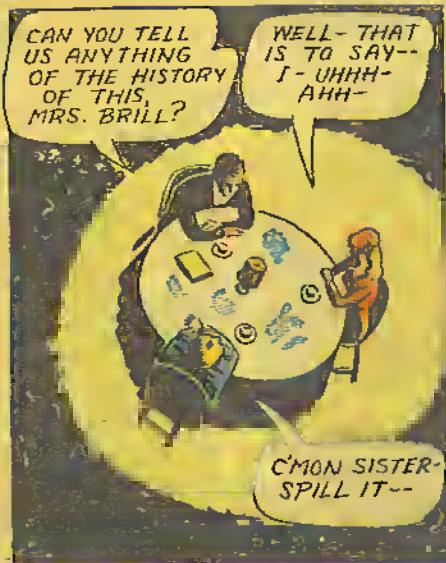
WHEREVER THE PROFESSOR APPEARED A ROBBERY FOLLOWED LATER — HE WOULD ADVISE ONLY THOSE WOMEN WHO WORE COSTLY JEWELS TO GO AWAY FOR A TRIP — HIS SO-CALLED HANDYMAN "MISERY" ACTUALLY WAS "SECOND-STORY SAM," AN EX-CONVICT AND TALENTED BURGLAR — I CHECKED ON HIS IDENTITY IN THE ROGUES' GALLERY — WITH MISS TAGGART'S CO-OPERATION WE SET THE TRAP FOR HIM — SHE WORE EXPENSIVE JEWELS TO BORROWED — SHE TOLD THE "PROF" SHE WOULD BE OUT OF TOWN — I WAS SURE THEY'D TRY TO CRACK HER APARTMENT THEN — SAM DID SO AND FOUND NOTHING BECAUSE I'D ALREADY RETURNED THE JEWELS TO MY JEWELER, FRIEND — GERSHART, HIMSELF PROVED TO BE AN ALIEN WHO ENTERED THE U.S. ILLEGALLY —

# NICK CARTER

SIX COFFINS—  
ALL FULL!!







LOOKA THAT!  
CARTER MUSTA  
DOPED OUT  
SOMETHING!

NICK HAS...

SURE! THIS IS IT!  
YOU SEE THIS DOT  
UNDER THIS LETTER  
"L"

ONE-TWO-THREE-FOUR-FIVE-SIX! THE DOT  
IS UNDER THE  
SIXTH "L"

GET IT, FLAHERTY? HE  
STASHED THE LOOT ON  
THE SIXTH AVENUE  
"EL"

SO WHAT? WHERE DOES THAT GET US?  
WE FIGURED THAT OUT A LONG TIME  
AGO-BUT WE COULDN'T FIND WHERE--

NICK! NICK!  
WAIT A MINUTE!  
WHERE ARE  
YOU GOING?

LOOK- DO  
YOU SEE  
AN'EL?

WHAT THE... AVENUE OF THE  
AMERICAS... THIS USED TO  
BE CALLED-- SIXTH AVENUE--  
AND THEY TORE THE "EL"  
DOWN BEFORE THE WAR--  
OH! MY BACK! HOW'D I  
EVER FORGET THAT?

THE SIXTH AVENUE  
"EL" MAN- DON'T YOU  
SEE ALL WE HAVE  
TO DO IS FIND THE  
CAR WITH THESE  
NUMBERS ON IT?

AVENUE OF THE  
AMERICAS

49<sup>th</sup> STR

HE'S DOPED IT OUT ALREADY-WE BETTER PLUG THEM!  
THEN WE TAKE THE BOOK BACK TO THE BOSS....

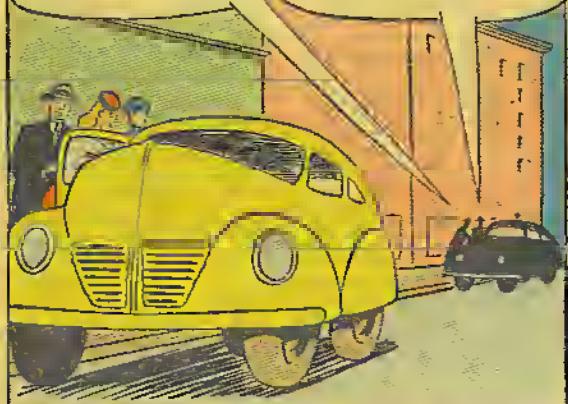
NO-WAIT...SOMETHING MUSTA COME  
UP...SHE'S SIGNALLING FOR US  
TO HOLD OUR FIRE - WE  
BETTER TAIL THEM....

I FEEL LIKE AN AWFUL DOPE!  
BUT WE ARE ON THE RIGHT  
TRACK-ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS  
FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED  
TO THOSE "EL" CARS!



MAYBE INSTEAD OF  
TAILIN' 'EM, WE  
OUGHTA CHECK  
BACK WITH  
THE BOSS....

YEAH-AS LONG AS  
SHE'S WITH THEM  
WE'LL BE ABLE TO  
PICK THEM RIGHT  
UP AGAIN-LET'S GO!



HE DOPED IT  
OUT OKAY,  
BOSS!

NONE OF US COULD DO IT-  
BUT HE FIGURES IT OUT  
IN TEN MINUTES-FINE!



WHAT!? SAN FRANCISCO? I'LL  
SEE WHAT I  
CAN DO!



WELL-WHADDAYA KNOW! CARTER AND THE  
GIRL JUST FLEW OFF FOR FRISCO-SHE  
MANAGED TO PHONE FROM THE AIRPORT-  
SAID SHE WAS CALLING HER MOTHER-



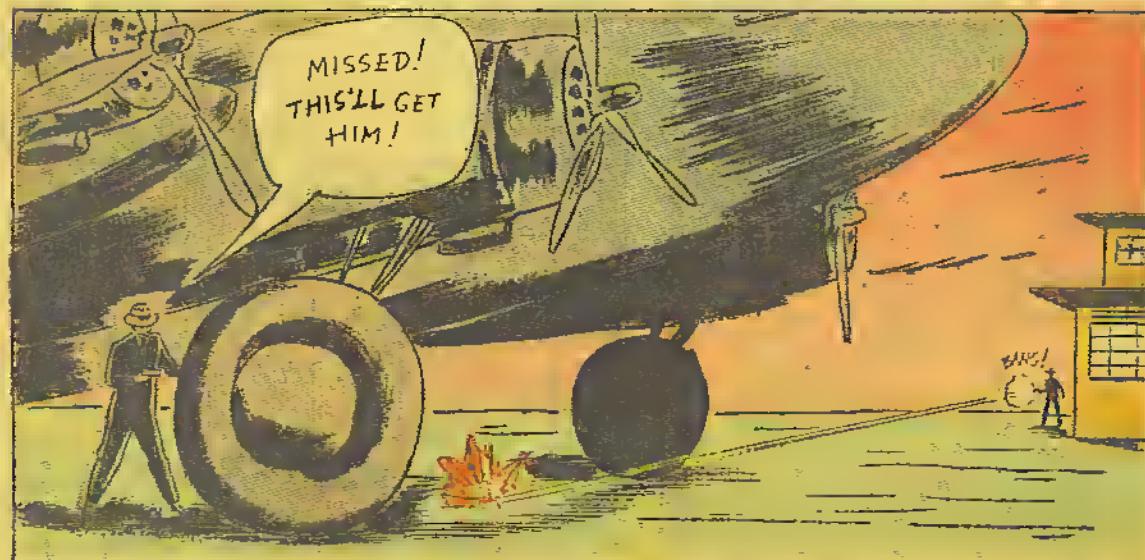
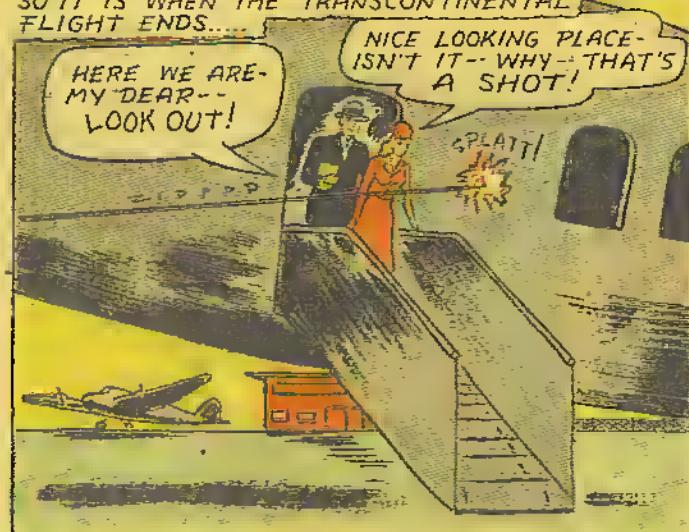
HE FOUND OUT FROM THE BOOK THAT THE GEMS ARE STASHED IN AN 'EL' CAR OFF THE OLD SIXTH AVENUE 'EL' - BUT THE CARS WERE SENT TO OAKLAND CAL. THEY'RE USING THEM THERE ON THE 'EL' TO HAUL SHIPYARD WORKERS.

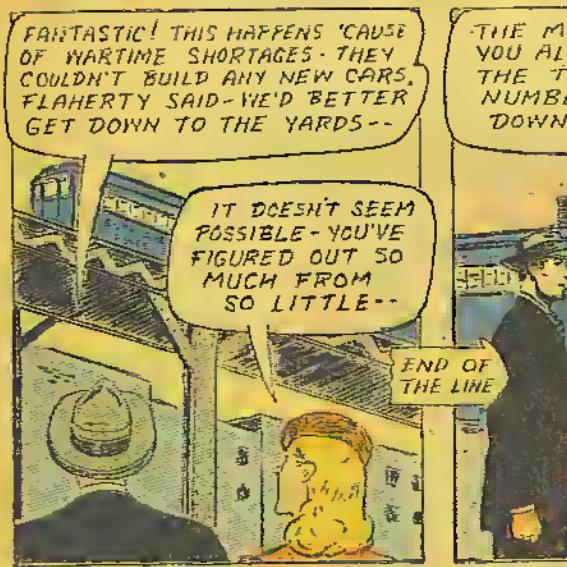
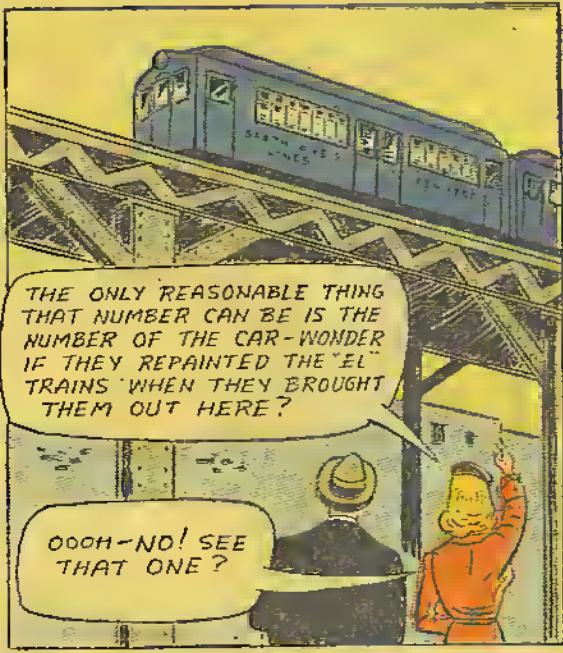
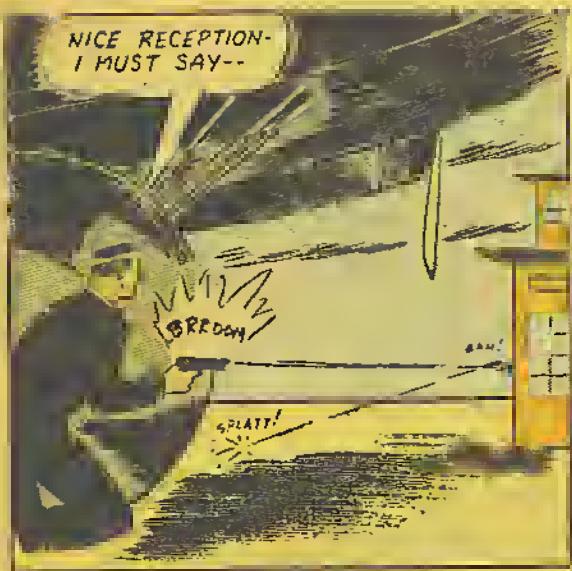


GIVE UP HALF A MILLION? ARE YOU NUTS? I'LL CALL SOME OF THE WEST COAST MOB. WE'LL HAVE A RECEPTION COMMITTEE WAITING FOR CARTER - WE DON'T NEED HIM ANYMORE --



SO IT IS WHEN THE TRANSCONTINENTAL FLIGHT ENDS.....





THE FATAL CAR-SOME PLACE-HIDDEN CLEVERLY  
IS THE LOOT OF THE ROBBERY-WHAT A  
TRAIL-FROM SING SING TO OAKLAND.

WE'VE COME THIS FAR BY  
DEDUCTION-THIS SHOULDN'T  
BE HARD--

-WITH STOPOVERS IN ALL THE  
CEMETERIES IN BETWEEN-  
WHERE COULD THE GEMS BE  
HIDDEN SO THEY WOULDN'T  
HAVE BEEN FOUND?

-SSST-NOT YET-  
LET HIM FIND  
THEM FIRST-

-BUT MR. CARTER-THIS ISN'T THE CAR-THE  
NUMBER SHOULD BE 09567-THIS IS 0956!

THERE ARE A LOT OF  
SEVENTH SEATS-DE-  
PENDING ON WHICH  
WAY YOU COUNT-LET'S  
TRY THIS ONE--

MR. CARTER-YOUR  
WONDERFUL! THERE  
THEY ARE!

I KNOW-I CHECKED ON THAT-  
THESE CARS HAVE ONLY FOUR  
NUMBERS-THAT MEANS-I  
THINK-THAT THE GEMS ARE  
UNDER THE SEVENTH SEAT.

THIS IS THE LAST STOP  
FOR YOU-CARTER-THANKS  
FOR FINDING THE "ICE"  
FOR US-C'MON, MAGGIE, FLAHERTY CHECKED  
I'LL PLUG 'IM AND  
WE'LL BEAT IT--

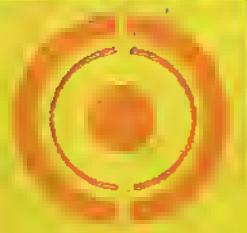
WHOA! NOT SO FAST  
SO YOUR NAME IS  
MAGGIE, MRS. BRILL?

FLAHERTY CHECKED  
MORE THAN THE  
CARS WHEN HE PHONED  
CITY HALL-HE FOUND  
THAT BRILL WAS  
NEVER MARRIED!

WHEN YOU SO CLEVERLY CALLED YOUR MOTHER,  
MAGGIE-I MADE SOME CALLS, TOO-ONE OF THEM  
WAS TO THE COPS HERE IN OAKLAND-I THINK  
THIS IS THE LAST STOP FOR YOU-AND YOUR  
BOSS!

WE JUST GOT IT ON  
THE TELETYPE, NICK-  
THEY PICKED UP  
LARRY ARES IN NEW YORK!

# Friends



## CHICK CARTER'S DEADLINE!

### "YOU'RE ON"

Nick cleared his throat. "Just at the second that the control man gestured to me that I was on the air, right at the moment that Chick who was late, was rushing down the hall towards my studio, he heard a sound."

"And didn't I feel like a dope," Chick interrupted. "I heard this noise that I thought was a shot. Without realizing where I was I slammed the door open and ran in. It was only as the door closed behind me that I remembered that I was in a radio studio and the sound was in all probability a sound effect. I stood there like a goon trying to apologize.

"It was a standard sight that greeted me. Three actors were grouped around a mike. A fourth had his hand over his chest. He was grunting. I could see they were on the air and I just hoped that the racket I'd made at the door hadn't gone out over the air.

"But even as the words were forming in my throat, I saw the man whose hand was at his chest, crumple. He fell to the floor. The mike which he'd been holding in his hand came down with him. The whole country or at least the ones who were listening heard him say, 'deadline . . . deadline . . .' I knew very well that until television there won't be any need for a radio actor to fall to the ground when the script calls for a shot.

"The director was making slashing motions at his throat. For a moment I thought he'd gone mad, then I realized that he was signaling for the control man to cut them off the air.

### "DEADLY BROADCAST"

"My first thought was to call dad, but a

second's reflection showed me that he was on the air. I knew that wouldn't stop him from coming to investigate. But I figured maybe I could clean the thing up without having to louse up his broadcast. The actors, the sound man, the control man, all of them were petrified; they hadn't recovered from the shock yet.

"I had to take charge. I asked the director if anything could be done to take the place of the program, for I know that dead air is wicked on the radio. He spluttered something about a standby pianist taking over . . . That was one of those times when you hear, 'due to circumstances beyond our control . . .' you know you've heard it on the air."

"All the while I was talking, guiding people to their seats, getting them to unloosen a little, I kept thinking about what the dying man had said. It sounded like deadline, but why would he have said that with his last mortal breath? A deadline for a newspaper man or a writer is the time when a job has to be done and no excuses either!

"But what that had to do with a murder I couldn't see. I asked if they knew where the shot came from, but that was no help. You see, in the script they'd been doing there was supposed to be the sound of a shot at just that point. All of them knew just when the sound was due. Of course this proved, if it needed proving, that the killer was in the studio right in front of me. There was one girl and the rest men. One of them had taken advantage of just the right second when the sound man clapped two boards together, to shoot. And a deadly shot it had been.

THIS REPORT IS PREPOSTEROUS. WHY, MOUNT EVEREST, THE HIGHEST PEAK IN THE WORLD, DOES NOT REACH 30,000 FEET!

AND THE GREAT WALL DOES NOT EXTEND INTO THE BARRIER MOUNTAINS BECAUSE IT WAS NEVER NEEDED THERE! YOU ARE UNDER ARREST FOR GIVING A FALSE REPORT, LIEUTENANT!

WHAT DO YOU THINK, MR. CRANSTON?

FABULOUS THOUGH IT SEEMS, YUNG'S REPORT MIGHT BE TRUE!

VERY WELL, WE SHALL CHECK IT



HERE IS CAPTAIN WU, WHO FLEW OVER THE SAME TERRITORY. REPORT, CAPTAIN!

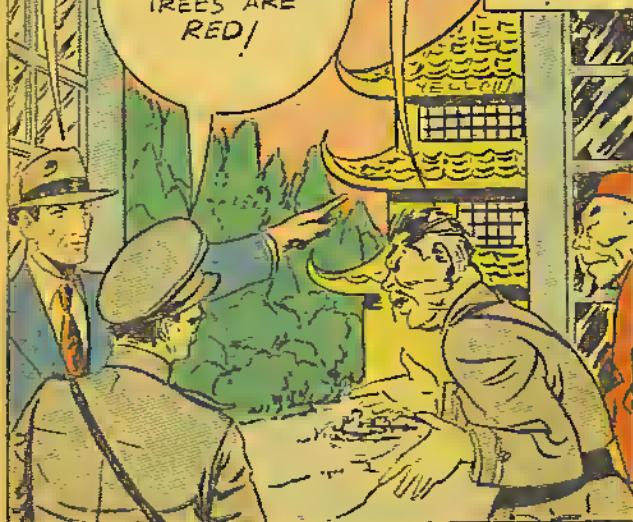
THE BARRIER MOUNTAINS ARE LOW, THE VALLEYS AMONG THEM ARE ROCKY AND ALL IS DESOLATE

WHAT IS THE COLOR OF THAT HOUSE AND THOSE TREES?

WHAT CAN THIS MEAN?

THE HOUSE IS BLUE AND THE TREES ARE RED!

ONE MOMENT, CAPTAIN...



IT MEANS THAT CAPTAIN WU IS UNDER SOME BALEFUL INFLUENCE. THAT PREVENTS HIM FROM TELLING THE TRUTH!

THEN THAT MAY MEAN THAT LIEUTENANT YUNG MADE A CORRECT REPORT!



## "THE SOUND OF DEATH!"

"You see I was quite sure that they didn't use real guns for gun shots on the radio. I thought they used clapboards. But I was wrong. As it turned out this director, a guy named Cameron was a stickler for realism and he had demanded a blank gun. As it turned out the gun really had used a blank. The sound man had nothing to do with the shooting, but for a while I was all set to pick him for the killer.

"You see it would have been so easy for him to just use a real bullet . . . But . . . that didn't enter into it for as soon as I saw what the real meaning of 'deadline' was, I knew who the killer had to be. Don't get me wrong. I couldn't prove it, but I had an idea . . .

"I called the police of course, but while we waited, I put my idea into motion. I asked if they had recorded the show that they were working. They had of course, because they sometimes sell the record after they've made a regular live show. I asked to have it played back and it was an-eery sensation to hear the 'build up to the sound of a real death.'

"It was a murder mystery they'd been broadcasting. The tension, built up and built up as we neared the place where the sound of the shot would herald the entrance of the oldest actor in the world, death . . ."

## "DEADLINE"

"Just before the fatal second the girl, the actress, had been pleading with one of the actors to spare the life of her beloved and he, the cad, had sneered at her and then . . ."

Chick paused dramatically. And then, nothing . . . no sound of the shot, no sound of the man's dying words, nothing . . . just silence. And that of course was the tip off: It only took the killer a second to realize it but once he did he erupted like a fury. Pulling a gun he backed to the door and swung the door open behind him. He said, "Just move, one of you . . . move and see what happens!"

"It was a tough spot," Chick meant what he said, he hadn't enjoyed it. The killer was completely in control. He was twenty feet

away from me, I had no chance to do anything. His gun was steady in his hand.

"You could see from the look in his eyes that if one of us had flickered an eyelash he would have shot . . . and then, just like the proverbial horse marines, a figure loomed up in the doorway.

## "RESCUE!"

"It was Nick and what a welcome sight! His broadcast was finished and as soon as it ended he came out looking for me. He spotted what was up . . ."

Nick took up the story. "Don't make it sound so heroish, Chick, I was just meandering along and then I saw a man, body all tense, and with a metallic object glinting in his hand. I did a double take and spotted the gun. It was a cinch he was not prepared for assault from the rear. I clouted him on the back of the neck . . ."

"Yeah," Chick said, "and caught his gun before it hit the ground."

"This time the actors were really stunned. They looked from the corpse on the floor to the man that Nick had knocked down. He was the control man, the engineer who sits in the little glass booth and turns the dials and knobs that control the sound and volume."

"You see, he had to be the killer because, of the silence . . . That was the giveaway . . . his training had wrecked his murder scheme. We found out later that he had hated the actor whom he killed for years . . ."

"Later on, we found the ingeniously hidden hole through the front of the booth through which he had fired, completely unobserved."

## "DEAD-LINE"

Nick and Chick could see from the very puzzled looks of the members that they hadn't caught the significance of the silence. Chick laughed and said, "The dead man gave it away you see . . . I don't know how he knew, maybe he saw the control man do it, but anyhow, as the control man shot, he instinctively cut off the lines so that the sound wouldn't go out on the air. The actors were in front of a DEADLINE!"

# FLATTY FOOTE

DEAD END

HEY... THERE  
THEY ARE... THE FOOLS...  
THIS IS THEIR DEAD END...

I GUESS I MAY  
AS WELL TURN  
IN MY BADGE. I  
KNOW WHEN I'M  
LICKED!

NEVER  
SAY  
DIE!

FINE PLACE  
TO SAY THAT!  
LOOK!

A  
GRAVE-  
YARD..  
UGH!

HERE LIES  
WALTER GARDER  
AS USUAL

'HERE LIES...'  
HUH, THAT GUY  
HAD A SENSE  
OF HUMOR!

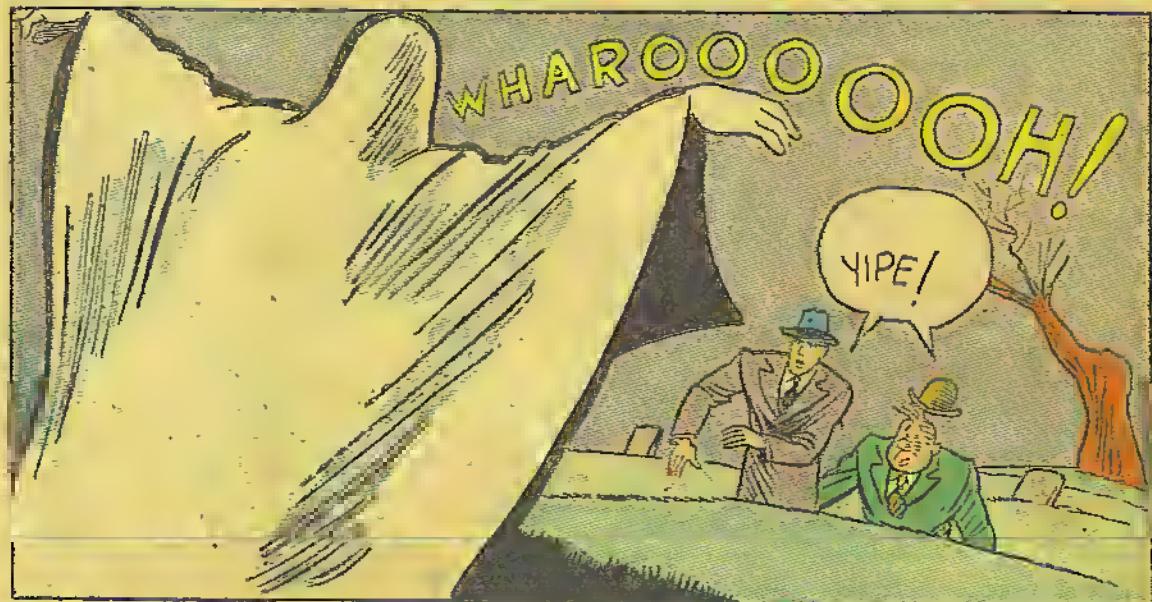
GULP.. YEAH IF  
YOU CAN CALL  
IT THAT... LOOK  
OVER THERE,  
THAT ONE SAYS  
'WIT'S END'!

GUH...  
DID YOU  
HEAR  
THAT?

CLANK!

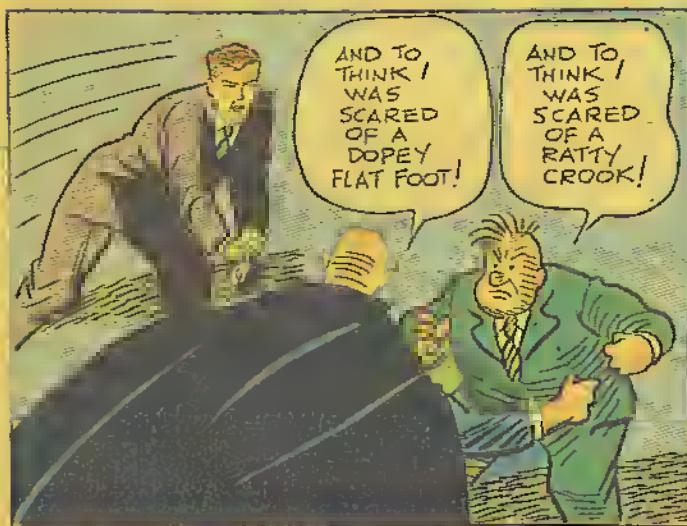
SCARED ? ME?  
WHAT WOULD I  
BE SCARED ABOUT!

CREAK...  
CLANK...









DON'T MISS FLATTY'S ADVENTURES WITH HAPPY, THE GRAVE DIGGER... FOR HE HAS FLATTY'S GRAVE ALL DUG....

FAMOUS PIRATES IN HISTORY.

# Capt. John Gow

by CHARLES WESSELL

BEING THE TRUE STORY OF THE VICIOUS SCOTCH PIRATE WHOSE HIDEOUS EXPLOITS WERE CHRONICLED BY DEFOE AND WERE MADE INTO A NOVEL BY SIR WALTER SCOTT! BLOODTHIRSTY JOHN GOW, A DANDY WITH THE LADIES, COLD AND CRUEL AS A PANTHER, BETRAYED HIS OLD FRIENDS AND CAME TO A SURPRISING BUT FATEFUL ENDING!

GOW FIRST SAILED FROM AMSTERDAM AS AN HONEST FOREMAST HAND ON THE GOOD SHIP "GEORGE". HIS EXPERT SEAMANSHIP EARNED HIM QUICK PROMOTION TO 2<sup>nd</sup> MATE.



ON NOV. 3, 1724, THE "GEORGE" SAILED FOR GENOA WITH A CARGO OF BEESWAX. GOW IMMEDIATELY LED A MUTINY TO "GO ON THE ACCOUNT"!



THEN GOW VICIOUSLY MURDERED CAPT. FERNEAU - HACKING HIM FROM THE BOWSPRIT, AFTER MORTALLY WOUNDING THE POOR MAN!



GOW WAS ELECTED CAPTAIN AND ONE WILLIAMS 1<sup>st</sup> MATE. THEY RENAMED THEIR SHIP "REVENGE" - ARMED HER WITH 18 GUNS - AND CAPTURED TWO BIG ENGLISH SHIPS LOADED WITH RICH CARGOES OF FISH!



CRUISING OFF THE COAST OF SPAIN THEY FINALLY PUT IN AT MADEIRA, WHERE GOW SOUGHT FAVOR OF THE GOVERNOR BY PRESENTING HIM WITH A BOX OF CHOICE HERRINGS!



---TO GET RID OF HIM, WILLIAMS WAS PLACED ON BOARD THE NEXT PRIZE, TO TURN UP LATER!



BUT THE FOXEY GOW REVIVED THEIR SPIRITS BY BARTERING THEIR GREAT LOOT OF FISH AT VERY HIGH PRICES!



SAILING FOR THE ORKNEY ISLES, WILLIAMS ACCUSED CAPTAIN GOW OF COWARDICE WHEN HE REFUSED TO ATTACK A POWERFUL FRENCH SHIP! A FIGHT ENSUED IN WHICH MATE WILLIAMS WAS WOUNDED AND-----



ARRIVING AT CARRISTOWN, GOW MADE MERRY WITH THE LADIES WHILE HIS IMPATIENT CREW SULKED.



BUT NEXT DAY, TEN OF HIS MEN DESERTED IN A LONGBOAT FOR THE MAINLAND OF SCOTLAND, WHERE THEY WERE TAKEN PRISONERS!



THIS ENRAGED GOW AND HIS NEXT MOVE WAS TO LAND HIS REMAINING MEN AND PLUNDER THE COUNTRYSIDE!

BE OFF TO THE BOATS WITH THAT LOOT AND GET YE BACK HERE FOR ANOTHER LOAD!

WE'RE RICH, DIRK, WE'RE RICH!

AYE, AND THERE'S MUCH MORE!

AYE, CAP'N! AYE! AYE!



THEY RAIDED THE HOME OF A RICH MRS. HONEYMAN AND HER DAUGHTER WHOM THEY ROBBED AND MURDERED AFTER FAILING TO FIND THEIR HIDDEN JEWELS!

BY THIS TIME THE WHOLE COUNTRY ROUND ABOUT BECAME ALARMED!



BUT GOW AND HIS CREW ARROGANTLY MARCHED BACK TO THEIR BOATS WITH A HIRED BAGPIPER PLAYING AT THEIR HEAD!

WOT SONG WILL YE HAVE NEXT, CAP'N?



GOW THEN SAILED FOR CALFSOUND WHERE HE SEIZED THREE GIRLS AND TOOK THEM ABOARD!!

DRUNK WITH RUM AND SUCCESS HE SAILED FOR EDA, TO PLUNDER THE HOME OF HIS OLD SCHOOL CHUM, A RICH MR. FEA."

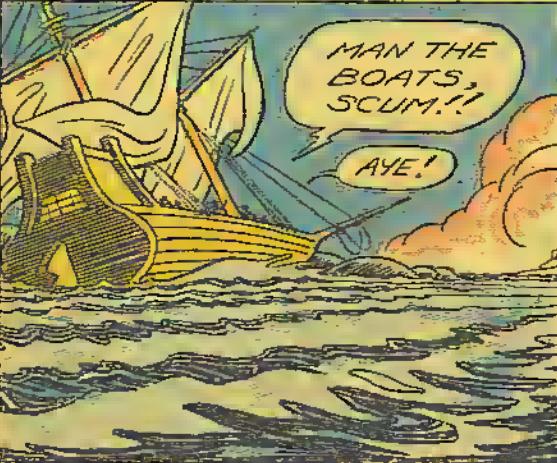
BRING 'EM ON BOARD AN' SEE TO IT THEY MEET NO HARM!

FIFTEEN MEN ON TH' DEAD MANS CHEST! YO-HO-HO AND A BOTTLE O'RUM!



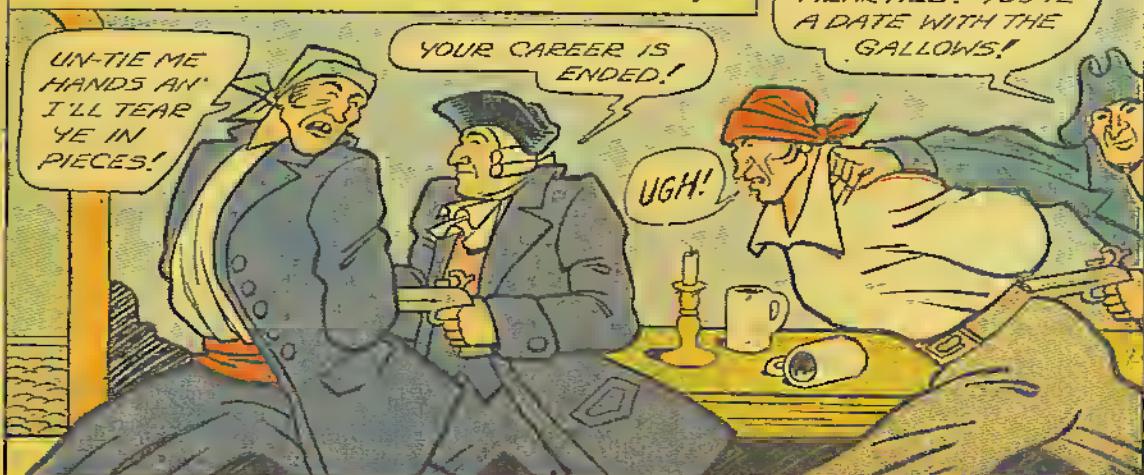
ARRIVING ON FEBRUARY 13<sup>TH</sup>, VERY DRUNK AND UNRULY, GOW AND HIS CREW RAN THEIR VESSEL ON THE ROCKS.

WHEN THEY REACHED SHORE THE ASTUTE MR. FEA MET THEM AND ENTERTAINED THEM AT THE INN ---



--UNTIL THE BRITISH FRIGATE "GREYHOUND" (WHICH FEA HAD SENT WARNING TO) ARRIVED AND CAPTURED GOW AND HIS ENTIRE CREW!

COME ALONG, ME HEARTIES! YOU'VE A DATE WITH THE GALLOWS!



SUPPOSE I GIVE LIEUTENANT YUNG A CHANCE TO PROVE HIS CLAIM, WHILE I ACCOMPANY HIM TO CHECK ON HIS NEXT REPORT

AN EXCELLENT SUGGESTION! I SHALL ARRANGE FOR A PLANE AT ONCE

GOOD LUCK, YING KO!

WHY DID DOCTOR TAM CALL YOU YING KO?

BECAUSE YING KO MEANS THE SHADOW... AND TAM IS ONE OF THE FEW PEOPLE WHO KNOW THAT I EMPLOY THAT IDENTITY!



THEN TAM MUST BELIEVE THAT SOME MENACE LIES AHEAD OF US REQUIRING THE POWER OF THE SHADOW TO DESTROY IT!

THAT'S RIGHT, MARGO. AND NOW WE ARE APPROACHING OUR GOAL, THE CLOUD-CAPPED BARRIER OF THE PROVINCE OF SZE-CHUAN! SUPPOSE WE SEE WHAT THE ALTIMETER READS!



AND THEN, FROM AMIDST THE CLOUDS, LOOM PEAKS OF MORE THAN 30,000 FEET... HIGHER EVEN THAN THE FAMED MOUNT EVEREST!!!

YUNG'S FABULOUS REPORT IS TRUE!!! THE PLANE IS NOW FINDING THE PASS TO THE STRANGE DOMAIN BEYOND!!!

THE PRISONERS WERE TAKEN TO MARSHALSEA PRISON IN SOUTHWARK, WHERE THEY WERE TURNED OVER TO THEIR OLD MATE WILLIAMS - NOW LT. WILLIAMS IN CHARGE OF THE PRISON!



TERRIFIED, AS THE GAOLERS SLOWLY ADDED THE WEIGHTS, GOW BEGGED FOR THE RIGHT TO PLEA!



BUT THE ANGRY MOB TUGGED AT HIS LEGS AND THE ROPE BROKE FROM THEIR WEIGHT!



FOUR PIRATES TURNED KING'S EVIDENCE, BUT GOW REFUSED TO PLEA, AND WAS ORDERED TO BE "PRESSED" TO DEATH!



THE COURT GRANTED THIS, BUT HE WAS CONVICTED ON HIS OWN CREW'S TESTIMONY AND HANGED JUNE 11<sup>th</sup> 1725.



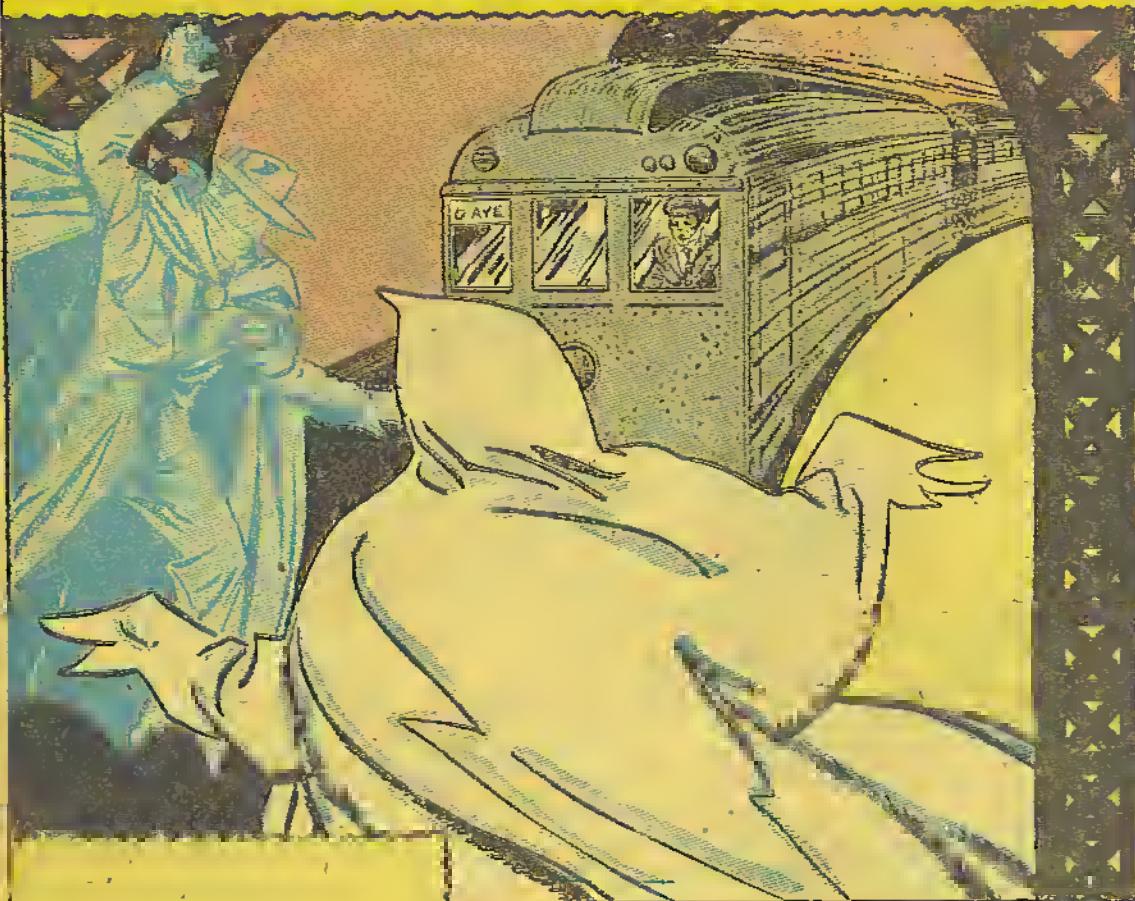
THOUGH HE HAD BEEN HANGING FOR 4 MINUTES, HE WAS SO TOUGH HE WAS ABLE TO WALK BACK AND BE HANGED FOR THE LAST TIME! SO ENDED CAPT. GOW!

CHARLES WESSELL ~



THE SHADOW

# The Shadow Meets The SUBWAY GHOST



THE RIDDLE OF THE "SUBWAY GHOST"... ONE OF THE STRANGEST CASES OF THE SHADOW'S WHOLE CAREER... BEGAN ONE EVENING WHEN AN UP-TOWN EXPRESS PULLED FROM A MANHATTAN SUBWAY STATION, STARTING WHAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN A NON-STOP TRIP OF MANY BLOCKS...





A FEW  
DOZEN  
BLOCKS  
FURTHER  
ON, THE  
NEBULOUS  
GHOST  
AGAIN  
REARS  
ITSELF TO  
STARTLE  
THE  
MOTORMAN  
OF THE  
EXPRESS





DEEP IN THE SUBWAY, THE SHADOW IS MOVING ALONG THE EXPRESS TRACK...



ROARING THROUGH  
THE SUBWAY,  
THE EXPRESS  
CONTACTS THE  
MAGNETIC BRUSH  
AND UP FLYES  
THE GHOST  
ON ITS PULLEY-  
STRUNG LINE



THE GHOST  
AGAIN!



WHAT A STOP! WE  
MUST HAVE HIT A  
STONE WALL...OR  
A GHOST!



FROM THE  
VERY  
MIDST OF  
THE  
SURROUNDING  
POLICE  
CORDON,  
THE BANK  
ROBBERS  
ARE  
MAKING  
THEIR...  
IF THE  
LAW ONLY  
KNEW!!!

NOW THAT WE'RE STOPPED, I'D BETTER GET OFF WITH THE CREW!



OFF AGAIN  
UNTIL THE NEXT  
GHOST FLAGS  
US!

YEAH... IT'S  
PLANTED RIGHT  
UNDER ANOTHER  
OUTLET!

WE'LL TAKE THE RIG  
ALONG WITH US AND  
BE ALL SET FOR MORE  
CRIME!

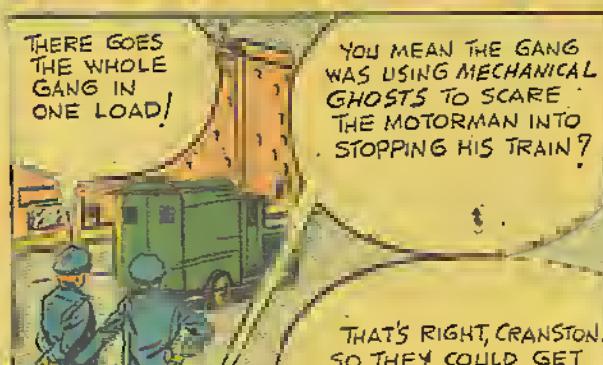
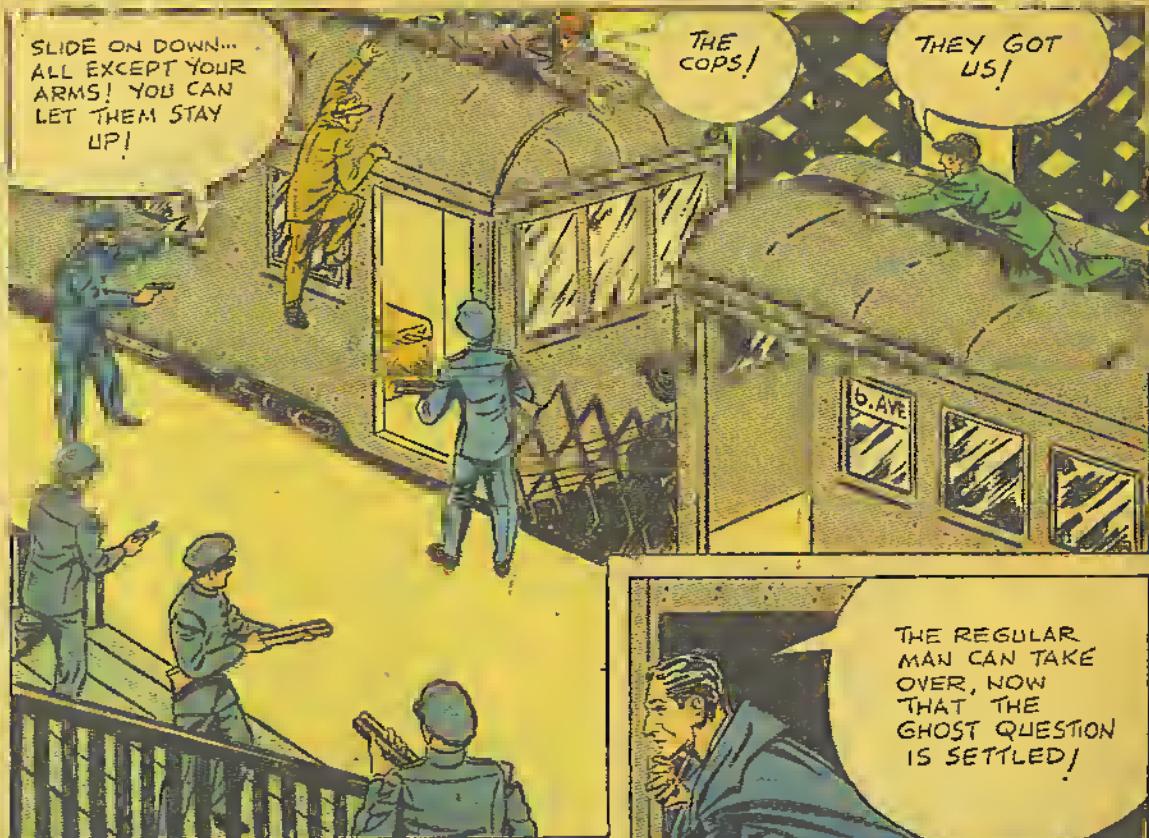
SORRY, GHOST...  
I'M GOING  
RIGHT  
THROUGH!

YOU'LL FIND  
YOUR TWIN  
BROTHER  
RIDING UP  
THERE WITH  
HIS CHUMS!

HEY! THE TRAIN  
ISN'T STOPPING!

THE MOTORMAN  
MUST HAVE PASSED  
OUT!

WE'LL MAKE  
A DASH FOR  
IT WHEN HE  
DOES STOP!



YOU MEAN THE GANG  
WAS USING MECHANICAL  
GHOSTS TO SCARE  
THE MOTORMAN INTO  
STOPPING HIS TRAIN?

THAT'S RIGHT, CRANSTON.  
SO THEY COULD GET  
ON AND OFF. THE SHADOW  
RUINED THEIR GAME AND  
PROVED THAT CRIME  
DIDN'T PAY. I WONDER  
WHO HE IS?



THOUSANDS ENLIST  
AS CONGRESS GRANTS  
NEW, HIGHER ARMY PAY

In every enlisted grade, pay scales are higher than ever—and virtually dis-  
ease-proof. You'll take more . . .  
have greater "take-home" pay than  
in almost any comparable civilian job.  
Get all the facts at your nearest Army  
Camp or Post, or U. S. Army Recruit-  
ing Station.

A GOOD JOB FOR YOU  
**U. S. ARMY**  
Choose This  
Fine Profession Now

THEN,  
CLEAR OF  
CLOUDS,  
THE  
VALLEY OF  
THE BLACK  
PAGODA  
DISCLOSES  
ITSELF  
WITHIN THE  
BOWL OF  
RIMMING  
MOUNTAIN  
RANGES  
!!!

THIS COMPLETES  
OUR MISSION,  
MR. CRANSTON.  
SHALL WE CIRCLE  
BACK TO THE  
PASS?

ON THE CONTRARY,  
LIEUTENANT YUNG,  
OUR MISSION HAS  
JUST BEGUN.  
WE MUST MAKE  
A LANDING IN  
THE VALLEY!

WE MAY BE  
INVITED TO  
STAY IN THE  
PAGODA, SO I  
SUGGEST WE  
BRING ALONG  
OUR BAGGAGE

THAT WILL  
BE A NICE  
LITTLE  
HINT

BUT WHAT  
IS OUR  
EXCUSE FOR  
LANDING  
HERE?

WHAT AN  
INVITATION  
THIS IS TURNING  
OUT TO BE!

SIMPLY THAT YOU WERE  
FLYING US FROM CHUNGKING  
TO TIBET AND THAT  
LOSING YOUR ROUTE,  
YOU MADE A FORCED  
LANDING HERE!

STEADY,  
EVERYBODY!



WILL WE EVER  
GET OUT OF  
THIS ALIVE  
?

ABSOLUTELY.  
YOU WILL  
SEE WHY...  
SOON

BRING THE  
PRISONERS  
HERE!

I AM SHIH  
HUANG TI!  
I SHALL REMOVE  
THIS MASK SO  
THAT YOU MAY  
SEE MY FACE...

WHAT DOES HE  
MEAN BY THE  
FIRST EMPEROR?  
WEREN'T THERE  
A LOT OF  
OTHERS?

... THE FACE OF  
THE ONE AND  
ONLY, THE SOLE  
MASTER, THE  
FIRST EMPEROR  
WHO SHALL  
RULE ALL  
CHINA...

... AND THEN EXTEND MY  
POWER UNTIL I HAVE  
CONQUERED THE WORLD,  
WHICH THROUGH ITS PETTY  
BICKERING WILL DIVIDE  
ITSELF AND BECOME MY  
PREY!

YES, BUT HE'S JUST  
CANCELING THEM  
OUT, THE WAY  
HIS FATHER  
HUANG TI DID

PRINCE CHING,  
WHO BUILT THE  
GREAT WALL TWO  
THOUSAND YEARS  
AGO, CALLED HIMSELF  
FIRST EMPEROR. THIS  
FELLOW HAS STOLEN  
THE IDEA

NOW TAKE THE PRISONERS  
TO THE DUNGEON  
BENEATH THE PAGODA,  
UNTIL I, SHIH HUANG TI,  
DECIDE TO INTERVIEW  
THEM!

CONDUCTED  
TO THE  
DUNGEON,  
THE  
PRISONERS  
ARE  
ASSIGNED  
TO  
INDIVIDUAL  
CELLS  
BY THE  
DEMON  
MEN  
WHO  
SERVE  
SHIH  
HUANG  
TI....



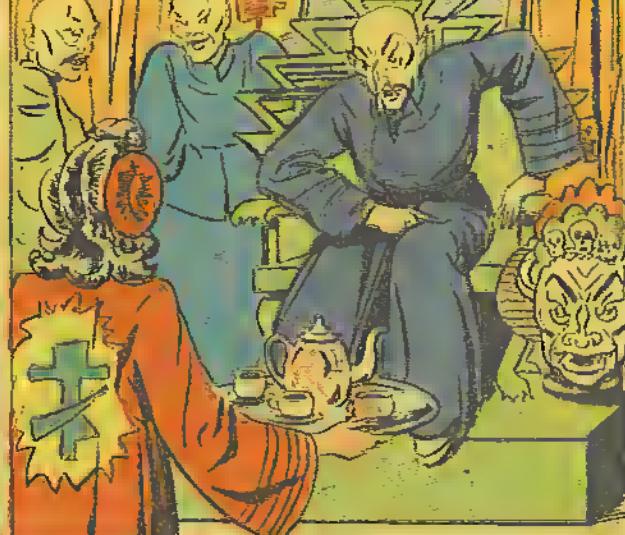


THIS MUST BE SHIH'S DOOR! AND HERE'S A TEA SET! I'LL SERVE HIM TEA AND SEE WHAT I CAN LEARN!



TEA FOR SHIH HUANG TI

IT IS THOUGHTFUL OF YOU TO SERVE TEA TO US, PRETTY FLOWER OF CATHAY...



OH!



THERE YOU SEE THE STATUE OF UNTRUTH, WHO EVER BREATHES THAT INCENSE WHILE LOOKING AT THE STATUE'S FACE...AS YOU SHALL!...CAN NEVER SPEAK THE TRUTH AGAIN!

I SHOULD HAVE LEFT MARGO BARRED IN HER CELL!

BRING HER ALONG AND WE SHALL MAKE HER TELL HOW SHE ESCAPED. SHE SHALL TELL THE TRUTH FOR THE LAST TIME!

